Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

"IF YOU LIGHT ON YOUR FEET"

When young Sim Rankin started out to
make his mark in town,
Old Sim, his father, felt that he should
lay some maxims down;
Beside the gate they stood, and there
old Sim held young Sim's hand
And spoke in simple fashion, so the boy
could understand.

"You'll have lots of ups and down," the
old man gravely said;
"A thousand men'll pull you back to one
that boosts ahead;
You'll find that everywhere you turn
some chap'll have a plan
To use you for his benefit; you'll find
your fellow man,
When you set down in front, 'll want
to push you from your seat,
But it won't matter where you light—
just so it's on your feet.

"You'll not be workin' for your dad; when
things don't go just right
He'll not be there to set 'em straight;
the days won't all be bright;
I'll warrant that you'll often find the
gloom almighty thick;
You won't have mother there to smooth
your forrid when you're sick—
But keep on thinkin', when you find
there's trouble there to meet,
That it won't matter how you land—just
so it's on your feet.

"You'll see the favorites go past and leave
you far behind;
You'll know they don't deserve it, but
keep on and never mind;
You'll strike a thousand places where
you'll think you can't go past,
But if you've got the mettle you'll git
over 'em at last;
And don't fergit this, when you fight the
foes you'll have to meet:
It won't much matter how you light—
just so it's on your feet."

The boy went down the winding lane; his
thoughts were far away;
Before him airy castles rose that he
would claim some day;
He thought of fame and fortune, and he
heard his "dad" repeat:
"It won't much matter how you land—
just so it's on your feet."

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Dinner at Mrs. Vanderveer's

By Francis M. Livingston.

IT was the last of Mrs. Vanderveer's dinners before that lady made her regular June crossing. She always did the same thing—went to London for July, to Ostend for August, spent September in the Alps and Italy, two weeks of Paris in October, and then home, where she regularly made her first appearance at the opening of the horse show.

Some of her friends suggested the North Cape, or Vienna, or California by way of variety, but Mrs. Vanderveer was used to her route; she knew all the hotels and they knew her and what she wanted and she did not wish to be bothered by making any new arrangements.

One thing Mrs. Vanderveer could do, though, which suited everybody, and that was to give a dinner. She not only provided perfect viands, but she had interesting people, or enough of them to leaven the lump of average human dullness, and she usually had some agreeable surprise in the way of odd dishes, unique favors, or, mayhap, a celebrated artist.

Jimmie Garretson, although a young bachelor, was an old friend of Mrs. Vanderveer's, and she often relied upon him to help her out at her dinners. She had written him he was to take in Mrs. Le Clair, a newcomer, a friend of her friends, the Nesbitts, and a lady with a history which had been exploited in the yellows almost coincident with her arrival from San Francisco.

"I want you to be your nicest to her, Jimmie," wrote Mrs. Vanderveer, "make it as easy for her as possible. She is a dear woman, and this is to be her first appearance in New York society. It will be something of an ordeal."

Later she wrote him that he was not to take in Mrs. Le Clair, for whom she had thought of some one else, but the second Miss Nesbitt.

The evening of the dinner Mrs. Vanderveer seemed perturbed at greeting Jimmie. "You're not to go in with Miss Nesbitt," she said, "her fiance, one of the officers on the Ohio, came in yesterday and I had to make a place for him. My cousin, Mrs. Trench, a widow, who has been in from Bermuda for some time, arrived unexpectedly this morning, and I have had two regrets at the last moment. I'm somewhat upset about my arrangements, and I don't know just what—" Some one called her away.

A little later she returned jubilant. "It's all arranged beautifully now. "It's awfully good of you, Jimmie, dear, to let me move you around like this. I'm sure you'll be very nice to—but listen to me, you are always nice!"

She had him by the arm and was piloting him across the drawing room. He found himself standing before a handsome young woman about five years younger than himself (Jimmie was 30) and dressed in black velvet with a diamond star in her dark hair.

"I want to present my particular friend, Mr. Garretson, Mrs. —," just then the Misses Nesbitt, who stood near, laughed in chorus, a little loudly for perfect breeding, and the name was lost to Jimmie—"he is such a valued friend—I am sure—" Mrs. Vanderveer ended in a soft, unintelligible murmur.

The exodus to the dining room began almost immediately, and Jimmie had no time to observe particularly his partner for the feast until they were seated at the table. Then, under the soft shaded lights, he saw that she was even prettier and younger looking than he had at first thought. She looked to be rather under than over 25, was slender and elegant in figure, her head small and shapely, her large dark eyes far apart and her nose short and straight.

Conversation languished until after the fish. Jimmie was not in his most talkative vein—it was a little awkward not knowing his companion's name—and she herself was not communicative.

With the entree matters looked up a little. They had cantered easily through the conventionalities which, with all but the very rare, are an essential preliminary to the steady trot or gallop over the conversational roadway, and now the lady said to Jimmie, "You are an old friend of Mrs. Vanderveer's and must know everyone here, will you not tell me who some of them are? I know almost no one."

Jimmie, by a carefully careless glance of eye and cunning nod, indicated Mrs. Aldgate, the celebrated leader, and told the story of her famous necklace, which she wore tonight, which had been stolen in Paris and mysteriously recovered in St. Petersburg; Mrs. Swan, the marriage of whose daughter with a coachman had turned her hair white in a single night—there were those malicious enough to say that the hair she wore now did not undergo the chameleon change on Mrs. Swan's own head, but of this Jimmie said nothing. Then he pointed out Mr. Asiel, whose bride fell into a crevasse in the Alps during their honeymoon 20 years ago, and who had never married again; Miss Allaire, so beautiful, rich and intellectual, no suitor had appeared whom her parents considered even remotely worthy of the bestowal of her hand, and who, now, at 29, was threatened with old maidenhood through very excess of the gifts of fortune. Of all these and more Jimmie told the handsome dark lady, and then he added: "There are just three strange faces here tonight, the blonde lady on my left, the little brunette in a white lace dress and the stout lady in green. One of these must be the celebrated Mrs. Le Clair."

There was the slightest possible pause, then the lady said in a tone betokening mild interest, "Mrs. —?"

"Mrs. Le Clair; haven't you heard of her?"

"I have been in New York a very short time."

"So has she—about four weeks or so. She comes from California and is said to be young and beautiful. She was written up in the 'Day.' You don't see that delectable sheet I fancy? Well, you are so much to the good. She is known as the 'much-married.' It seems she was wedded first at the tender age of 18. A few years afterward her husband went north to the Klondike gold fields, and, as he did not return, he was given up for lost. After an interval of three years or so she married again, a wealthy mine owner from the coast, but the marriage did not turn out well. She was unhappy and left him. Afterward it was discovered that the wealthy mine owner had a wife living somewhere at the time of his marriage to Mrs. Le Clair, so when later a young business man of San Jose fell in love with her it was not necessary for her to get a divorce in order to marry him. This was rather a pretty complication as it stood, but the strangest thing is that after another year the original husband turned up alive and well, with a thrilling story of capture by Indians, shipwreck or something. There was an affecting meeting between husband and wife, for she loved him still. The new Enoch Arden did not hold the San Jose spouse against his wife—he thought it quite natural and right for her to wed again, but when, in the course of narration No. 1—that is No. 2—it's really somewhat complex—I mean the wealthy miner husband, had to be unveiled, the returned one raged. Two successors to himself in so comparatively short a space of time were more than he could forgive, so he took himself off in a huff. And now see the predicament this fair one is in. At the early age of 26 or so she finds herself married to three men, all living, none divorced, yet none available as a husband. It's a strange story, isn't it?"

"Very strange—as you tell it. The woman appears in a most unpleasant light. Are there no circumstances extenuating or making more natural her conduct? For example, might she not have been left very poor when her first husband did not come back, and might she not have married the mine owner for a home and his protection? Then, when that turned out so ill, may not the poor woman have been desperate, and willing to go to great lengths for a name and an honest man's love?"

"Ah, on these subjects I am not informed."

"Would it not be well to be informed thoroughly before repeating a story like this?" she asked gently. "I mean, would it not be simple justice to the woman, for whom things must be hard enough at the best?"

"Perhaps so—no doubt, indeed—I had not gone into it seriously." Jimmie was conscious of being rather uncomfortable.

"It is a serious story—for her. There should be an ending of some kind."

"Well, I hope it may be a good one," said Jimmie, fervently.

The lady smiled and spoke of something else.

A diversion was created by the little fair-haired woman on Jimmie's left dropping a rose which the young man picked up and restored to her. This led to a little conversation between the two, lasting for, perhaps, three or four minutes, during which the dark lady talked with George Nesbitt, who sat on her right.

A servant brought a note to Mrs. Vanderveer. She opened and read it, then glanced anxiously down the table in Jimmie's direction. She then gave, somewhat precipitately, the signal for rising.

As Mrs. Vanderveer passed down the room she paused long enough to murmur to Jimmie: "Make an excuse to come to the drawing room in ten minutes. I wish to see you particularly."

When the ladies had gone George Nesbitt asked, as he lit a cigarette by the candle flame: "Well, Garretson, what do you think of Mrs. Le Clair?"

"I don't know which is she. I was just going to ask you."

"To ask me—what do you mean? You've been sitting beside her all the evening."

"Nesbitt—you can't mean——" Jimmie felt himself turning green.

"Certainly I do. A pretty young woman, don't you think? Of course, it was an ordeal, but everybody is very considerate. Mrs. Vanderveer's a trump."

"Nesbitt, for Heaven's sake don't say another word! You don't know what I've done—what I've said to her!"

"Why, you seemed to be chatting most amicably when I looked around."

Jimmie sat motionless for a few minutes while he went over in his mind the story he had told the dark lady. His cheeks burned as he remembered it. How dense he had been. Mrs. Vanderveer had, of course, returned to her original idea regarding whom he was to take out, and he had never considered even the possibility of his companion being Mrs. Le Clair.

He sprang up and fled to the drawing room. He looked in vain among the ladies for Mrs. Vanderveer. She was not there, but near the piano, at which the second Miss Nesbitt was playing softly, stood the dark lady with the diamond in her hair. She smiled brightly at Jimmie.

The young man walked straight up to her. Before he could speak she said: "The ending is at hand—aren't you wild to know what it is?"

"I know my own ending," he replied; "that is, my finish is apparent. I am overwhelmed with shame at having spoken as I did. My only excuse is I did not know—"

"Make no apologies," she said, still smiling, "for did I not listen all through?"

"You did, indeed—you might have stopped me at once," said Jimmie, feeling real resentment.

"Therefore I am as bad as you?" she asked, gaily. "Well, I admit it, for I profess openly to hate gossip, while you, perhaps, do not. In that case I am worse. My excuse is that the story was interesting."

Jimmie could not make her out. "I cannot believe you found it other than revolting. It is most delicate of you to spare me."

"But the ending—you do not know it yet?"

"No; may it be for the best happiness of so noble and beautiful a woman—an ending only of the chapter of her sorrows, the beginning of the book of joys."

"That was very well said. You are quite forgiven for being a colporteur de medisances. You will think me horribly straight-laced. Ah, here is Mrs. Vanderveer."

The hostess drew Jimmie aside. "I shall want your help," she said; "a strange thing has happened. Mrs. Le Clair's husband is here; he arrived from San Francisco to-night. He had read the story in the 'Day.' He went to the Nesbitts, found where she was, and came straight to my house. He is in the litle red room now, and so is she—in his arms. It is all very beautiful, of course, but somewhat upsetting, and I find it in my heart to wish that it had occurred somewhere else—"

"Good heavens, Mrs. Vanderveer, what are you saying! Mrs. Le Clair in the red room in one of her husband's arms—I mean in the arms of one of her husbands—why, look over there!"

"Where?"

"There by the piano, there is Mrs Le Clair."

"That? Why that is Mrs. Trench, my cousin, the widow from Bermuda; you took her in, surely you know—"

"But which was Mrs. Le Clair?"

"She sat on your left; the little blonde woman. Jimmie, please pay attention; I want you to—" There was something about Mrs. Le Clair's carriage, and wouldn't he meet Mr. Le Clair and see them safely out of the house; but Jimmie excused himself abruptly and dashed across the room to Mrs. Trench. A great load was lifted from his heart. She seemed to him then the most beautiful women he had ever beheld.

"You know the end?" he cried; "the lovers are united. I am going down to give them my blessing; then I am coming back to talk to you—talk to you nothing but scandal; do you hear? and you may scold me roundly afterward. And to-morrow I am coming to take you out in the automobile and the next day—"

"Jimmie, will you please go at once?" said Mrs. Vanderveer, over his shoulder. "I want this thing well ended."

"What have you been doing to him Elise?" she asked when Jimmie had gone; "he acts so strangely, I believe you have bewitched him."

"An interesting young man, and tells a story well," replied Mrs. Trench, "but he seems terribly sensitive to the slightest criticism."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Was Solomon a Plagiarist?

Two thousand five hundred years before King Solomon made an alliance with Pharaoh, and 3,500 years before the birth of Christ, there lived in Egypt a prefect, Ptah-ho-tep by name, who was a collector of moral maxims which were even then hoary with antiquity. These gems of proverbial wisdom are strikingly like those of the wise monarch, although it must be admitted that if the latter borrowed them, they received additional luster from his hand. These are samples of the Egyptian maxims, as translated in the Literary Digest:

"Be not proud of your wisdom, but speak to the ignorant man as you do to the learned."

"If you must deal with an antagonist while he is in anger and he is more powerful than you, then bend your neck to him."

What is this but the philosophy which warns against the "man wise in his own conceit" and advises the "soft answer that turneth away wrath?"

Hard Lines for Ladies.

A wonderful similarity exists in the sayings about women current in the various nations.

The Spanish rhyme has it: "Were a woman as little as she is good a peapod would make her a gown and a hood."

An old English saying: "If a man lose a woman and a farthing he will be sorry he lost the farthing."

The French adage: "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."

The Scotch say: "Honest men marry soon, wise men never."

The Arabian declares: "Words are women; deeds are men."

The German states that whenever there is mischief brewing a woman is at the bottom of it.

The Persian asserts that women and dragons are best out of the world.—Stray Stories.

NEEDLE WORK NOTES.

Some Pretty Things That Can Be Done by the Woman Who Is at All Handy.

Mexican drawn work is as much liked as ever, says the Chicago Daily News.

Knotted fringe borders for counterpanes suggest colonial days.

Fine white swiss bureau scarfs over a tint are among the daintiest.

A finely embroidered linen bedspread in a light weight is a possession to rejoice over.

Russian applique is conspicuous on down comfortables, covered with some silk and satin.

Fancy aprons were never more popular than now and offer a suggestion to the woman who does fine needlework.

Counterpanes with insertions are noted, though it seems more sensible to have them either all lace or with none at all.

Pincushions are very small and are covered with a square of embroidered linen fashioned at the corners by tiny ribbon bows.

The dainty little covered baskets picked up for a trifle are used by one clever needlewoman for gifts. She lines them with satin linings filled with sachet powder and cleverly converts them into useful sewing boxes with side pockets or lovely jewel cases.

Glove cases are very useful, indeed, serving to keep gloves separated from other things, and if well embroidered they are ornamental as well. Sachets or cases for gloves are preferable to boxes, especially to those who move about a good deal, as they take much less room in packing. A glove case can be made of art linen, Roman satin, silk, etc., and should be long enough to take ordinary four-button gloves easily, and if you put a division in it the result will be good. A division is made lengthwise and consists of a doubled piece of the silk used for lining. This permits of the separation of white from colored gloves.

An odd and attractive gift, suitable for a holiday or birthday souvenir, is a wonder bag. It is made of some light material like silkoline or light weight cretonne, and fitted with many pockets, the more unexpected in location the better. Into each of these pockets is put some gift, trifling or substantial. The recipient is expected to search out one of the gifts each day as long as they last, or reserve them for such special days as Christmas, New Year's, Easter, St. Valentine's day, May day and so on. As a general thing the wonder bag makes a more pleasing gift when it is understood that the various pockets are to be searched daily until the contents are exhausted than if certain and far apart days are suggested for the search. For a child this bag is apt to prove a very acceptable gift, particularly if the youthful recipient be permitted to explore all the pockets at once.

MAKING JELLY.

Pointers That Will Show the Way to Success if Directions Are Closely Followed.

Jelly bags should be made at home. They are three cornered in shape, preferably of flannel, and at least half a dozen should be in readiness for the canning season, advises the New York Tribune.

In making jelly take care not to squeeze the straining bag, as it impairs the clearness of the jelly. While the juice is cooking, place the sugar in a pan in the oven and heat through; take care that it does not burn, and stir it about from time to time, so it will heat evenly. When the fruit juice has cooked for 20 minutes pour the sugar into it a little at a time; the sugar, being hot, does not lower the boiling point, and jelly made in this way will always "jell." If the sugar does not hiss as it touches the juice it is not sufficiently hot. Let it all boil up together for a few minutes after the sugar dissolves, and then pour into a pitcher, tying over the nose of the latter a piece of cheesecloth, first wet in cold water and then wrung dry out of very hot water. Pour the juice into the glasses through this cloth, discarding it for a fresh one as soon as it becomes covered with pulp. This final straining is little extra trouble, and makes the jelly clear and sparkling, as jelly should be. Tin covers are not advisable for jelly, as they are apt to rust and impart a disagreeable flavor. Paraffine paper is considered best for the tops of jelly glasses. Tie the paper firmly in place after the jelly is cold, moisten it with water, and it will adhere closely to the glass. If paraffine wax is used it should be put on in a thin layer, as a thick coating is apt to shrink and leave the jelly exposed. Cover the jelly while it is cooling, as it makes an excellent culture medium for germs, and set in a cool place. A layer of granulated sugar placed over the top of the jelly just before the paper is put on will prevent the formation of mold.

To all such fruits as grapes and peaches, which do not give a clear jelly, a little apple juice should be added. This will not destroy the flavor of the grapes. With apples, except in the case of crab apples, some other fruit should be used to give flavor. A small quantity of the parings and cores of quinces will flavor a large amount of apple jelly, but the seeds should never be allowed to get into preserve or jelly, as they will make the one sticky and prevent the other from being clear. A rose geranium leaf, bruised slightly and left on the top of the jelly while it is cooling, also imparts a delicate flavor.

Dead ripe fruit seldom "jells" properly. It is better that it should be a little underripe, both for this purpose and for ordinary canning.

Rather Antique.

"At last," said the great inventor, "I have succeeded in perfecting a powder that is both smokeless and noiseless."

"Pshaw! That's as old as the hills," replied the observing person. "Women have been using that brand of powder ever since Eve posed as a fashion leader."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Limitations.

"Her novels show lack of revision."

"Well, she is very young."

"I suppose her mother hardly permits her to read what she has written."—Puck.

A Common Exception.

Old Batch—Do you believe in whipping children?

Mrs. Extrygood—It depends on whose children they are.—Baltimore American.

The Sun and the Woman.

"I am glad," quoth the sun, sagely, "that I don't have to fit a coat of tan to her figure."—Puck.

FOXY WAYS OF PARTRIDGE.

Are the Best Hiders of All Flying Game—Elusive Habit Formed in Very Early Life.

The day sacred to the slaughter of the game and toothsome partridge is at hand, and fishing and other tamer methods of sport will now give place to the greater excitement and noisier pleasures of the gun.

Happily, says the New York Sun, ours is no dainty little magnified quail, such as flutters up before setters or pointers among the stubbles or turnips of Britain on St. Partridge day. The American bird is twice the size of the jaunty red and buff partridge of the British sportsman. While for strength of flight and confusing whirring of wings, he would, to find a parallel, require to experience the proverbial "hat corner" at the apex of a well-conducted triangular drive of grouse on a Scotch moor with a strong breeze favoring the birds.

As a matter of fact, our bird is really a grouse by genus, and partridge only by courtesy. About its game qualities, too, there can be no controversy.

At hiding it is an adept, and that apparently as much by force of nature as by education. Many a sportsman will be startled by a sounding whirr of strong wings from close before his feet, where his eyes had distinguished nothing the moment before. And the consciousness will be borne in upon every tyro before his first day's shooting is over that, without the assistance of a dog's nose and eyes, he will unwittingly pass by many more birds than he flushes, however carefully he may search.

A couple of sportsmen still hunting at the beginning of last season had a capital illustration of the wonderful hiding faculties of the partridges. One of them was walking pretty close to the edge of a covert. The other passed along about opposite to him in the woods at 25 yards distance. The latter, having traveled more rapidly, waited in a tiny clearing he came to and saw a whole brood of birds slip cautiously from the clover into the underbrush before his friend came along.

An old bird was in the lead and she hopped noiselessly over a mossy log, closely followed by the others. When all had joined her, the rest nestled down close behind their sheltering rampart, while she and one of the others stood on the lookout with their heads stock still, simulating dead branches just above. The sportsman suspected their presence and peered into the woods carefully, but so well did the two heads maintain their statuesque positions that he passed on quite unaware of the trick played upon him until the gun of his companion rang out its message of death to the crouching birds.

On two occasions has the writer fired at the head of a partridge keeping watch over a log, and found, when retrieving, that he had shot two birds, which had been facing him, though his eyes had made out only one, and that with difficulty. Often does the hunter draw a bead upon a partridge standing perfectly still at some little distance, artfully posing with outstretched neck, and then hesitate for a time about firing, lest he should find he has hit some bleached old stump of peculiar form.

This elusive habit is formed in very early life. Every one who has been fortunate enough to come upon a partridge and her newly hatched chicks in the springtime knows with what surprising speed and mystery the wee things disappear. If the observer will sit down and wait quietly for a few minutes he will probably be able after a time to make out the twinkling little eyes of the youngsters peeping out at him, from under the dried leaves or branches beneath or against which they have hidden with skill in matching color and form.

The way in which the natural plumage blends with the color scheme of the woods is fully matched by the ability of the birds to pose so as to fit in with its surroundings. Often an experienced guide will fire at an elongation or protuberance upon an old branch or overturned root and bring a partridge fluttering to the ground, to the surprise of the unsuspecting hunter who has passed it by.

Worst of All Mosquitoes.

The champion mosquitoes of the world, according to a traveler, are those of Taylor's island, on the Choptank river, Maryland. They are often half an inch long and are perfectly black with white feet. They do not sing and their bite is like the sting of a bee. People who are obliged to go out of doors wear as a protection a hoop on their heads, from which hangs a netting, which is belted to the waist. They carry about them a piece of fat pork, which when applied to a sting or bite acts as an antidote. The Choptank river region is the great market garden of Baltimore, Philadelphia and other eastern cities and one theory to account for the remarkable size of the mosquitoes is that they feed on the splendid fruits and vegetables which grow so luxuriantly there and are thus fattened to a far greater degree than their brothers who live in less favored localities.—Chicago Chronicle.

Trouble Either Way.

"My money," she said, "makes me doubt. I would always be afraid you had married me for that."

"It's easy to remove such doubts," he replied.

"How?" she asked.

"Why, if you should give your money to me first," he explained, "there could be no possibility that I married you for it, and yet it would not be lost to us."

For a moment she seemed convinced. Then a shade of doubt again clouded her beautiful face.

"In that case," she said, "I would always be afraid I had married you for your money."—Chicago Post.

Sad Plight of a Small Boy.

A small boy was watching workmen lay a composition roof in Columbia, Mo., a few days ago when his hat blew off. In trying to recover it he stepped on the composition and his feet stuck. In struggling to release his feet he lost his balance and got his hands stuck in the composition. He was held a prisoner on all fours until the workmen got turpentine and dissolved the tar and pulled him loose.

Is Ten Per Cent. Sugar.

A ton of sugar beets yields 210 pounds of refined sugar.

THE MAN AND THE GNAT.

Find Another Man.

As a clownish fellow was sitting on a bank, a Gnat settled on his leg, and stung it. The Man slapped his leg, meaning to kill the Gnat; but it flew away, and he had nothing but the blow for his pains. Again and again the insect alighted upon the leg; and again and again the Man struck at it, each time more savagely than before. His thigh became bruised all over; but the Gnat was still unharmed and lively. Almost mad with rage and disappointment, the fellow burst into tears. "O mighty Hercules," cried he, "nothing can withstand thy power. Aid me, then, I beseech thee, against this terrible Gnat, which for an hour has tortured me beyond all bearing."

MORAL.—Many people, like the clown in the Fable, are apt to invoke the Almighty upon every little trifling accident that befalls them.

STRANGE STORY OF SONG.

"The Holy City" Was First Sung by Florence Maybrick, the Convicted Murderess.

Few people who have felt their religious enthusiasm stirred by the glorious strains of "The Holy City," a song which has been more successful than any of its class since "The Lost Chord," are aware of the strange romance attached to its early history. The first voice to raise the inspiring cry of "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! sing, for the night is o'er!" was that of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, the murderess, says the New York Press.

At this time, when it is rumored that the American woman who has spent 13 years in an English prison may soon be liberated, these words seem to have special significance.

Stephen Adams, the composer, not only of "The Holy City," but a hundred other popular successes, such as "Nancy Lee," "A Warrior Bold," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" and "The Midshipmite," is in real life Michael Maybrick, a baritone vocalist, and a brother to the man whom Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of murdering.

The Maybricks were sons of a wealthy Liverpool manufacturer. The younger, Michael, chose a musical career, while the elder remained in commerce and married a young American girl. He was an enthusiastic yachtsman, and aboard his elegant little vessel, usually moored in the Mersey, many enjoyable musical evenings were spent. Michael, the composer and singer, often being of the merry party.

It was on one of these occasions that Mrs. Maybrick's brother-in-law produced the manuscript of the new song he had just composed. It was "The Holy City." Sitting at the piano in the little cabin, he prevailed upon his sister-in-law, Florence, to try it over. She was a good musician and read at sight. Thus her voice was the first to sing the song which afterward achieved phenomenal success.

But this did not come at once. The occasion referred to was about the year 1888. Michael Maybrick tells the story of how the publishers rejected "The Holy City" again and again because it was too somber in tone. From him they wanted another "Nancy Lee" or "Blue Alsatian Mountains."

Meantime, the woman who had first sung it was convicted of murder, sentenced to death and finally sent to prison for life.

Another Landmark to Go.

Some old collections of buildings near Westminster abbey in London are threatened with destruction to make way for costly modern improvements. Barton street, which may be regarded as the parent street of the purlieu, dates from 1722 and was named after its first owner, Barton Booth, the actor, of Cowley, in Middlesex, hence Cowley street in the same neighborhood. Booth was famous as Cato in Addison's play, in which part he delighted the town. The removal of these streets may be described as a double injury to Booth's memory, kept green in the abbey close by. Booth's bust in poet's corner was erected by his second wife, Mrs. Laidlaw, the actress, in 1772. Educated at Westminster school, bound to the neighborhood by ties of property and honored in the abbey, Booth's name still demands respect. He is said to have been an ancestor of Junius Brutus Booth and therefore of the latter's sons, Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln.

A Mexican Burial.

An odd way of burying the dead is still to be met with in Mexico. The corpse is tightly wrapped in matting and placed in a coffin hired for about a shilling. One or two natives, as the case may be, place the coffin on their heads and go at a trot to the grave, where the body is interred and the coffin is then returned.

New Use for Scarecrows.

Scarecrows are now placed upon slate roofs in Victoria, B. C. The crows which swarm on the beach and dig for clams fly over the buildings and drop the clams on the roof, by this means breaking the shells and leaving the meat free to be eaten. In many cases when the clams were broken the slate would be broken.

Emeralds and Pearls.

The emerald improves in color on exposure to the light. Pearls kept in the dark lose their lustre, but regain it on exposure to the sun.

WHERE DIAMONDS GROW.

Scientist Presents Facts to Prove That They Are of Celestial Origin.

The diamond has recently attained a scientific importance which justifies any effort to solve the mystery of its origin. In 1898, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Boston, in advancing the theory of their meteoric formation, I offered the first explanation ever suggested, says a writer in the Scientific American. The facts were then sufficient to sustain it and the recent discovery of the most perfect diamond ever found in a known meteorite has demonstrated what I then maintained, that diamonds are visitors and not natives of the earth.

It is now positive that in interplanetary space are bodies and conditions where diamonds are manufactured of a more perfect formation than any found on the earth. The only question possible to raise against my theory is, are all diamonds of meteoric origin? As the evidence now stands, it is all in favor of their celestial origin, and no fact is found to give testimony to the other side. The volcanic theory is untenable for many reasons and it is the only alternative to offer.

Diamonds cannot be formed in the presence of oxygen and the necessary conditions of heat, pressure and electrical energy, while they are all possible in volcanic action, were never succeeded by sudden cold, which is equally requisite to the formation of the diamond crystal as proved by Moistan in Paris and Kranchoff in Russia. The reasons that they are not of terrestrial origin and must have been formed under conditions never possible in the earth are these:

1. Oxygen is everywhere present.
2. Sudden cold never succeeded intense heat, as terrestrial temperature changes are slow in operation.
3. They cannot possibly be reconciled with any of the eras of geology and have been denied a place by all geologists.
4. They are always isolated and are never found in masses of carbon, so common in all parts of the earth.
5. They are consequently never found in a matrix where they could have been manufactured, as is the case with all other crystals.
6. They have different refractive powers in their interior and exterior layers owing to tension during their formation according to Sir David Brewster and others later.
7. As conclusive, they have a different law of crystallization from carbon of known terrestrial character and formation. This the air and the diamonds of meteorite origin, as the meteoric forms of iron and other minerals, tell of their celestial birth.
8. The diamonds of Kimberley are liable to crack or fly to pieces on coming into the air and the diamonds of the meteor in Arizona have done the same. This establishes most remarkable relationship and proves them all to have been subject to a pressure unknown to any terrestrial era which they have experienced.
9. A perfect diamond was never found except in a meteorite. They are all fragmentary, broken, fissured, corroded and coated with foreign material, differing in individual cases and localities.

Mitigating Circumstances.

There is a little New England village which has produced no less than seven lawyers who have achieved distinction and even fame in the outside world. A visitor to the village mentioned this fact to the host of the little inn, a rosy-cheeked person who had reached his seventieth year.

"This place has been the birthplace of a good many lawyers," said the guest as they sat on the narrow piazza, looking down the elm-shaded road.

"Yes, sir, you may say it has," admitted the inn keeper, "seven in all, we've had. But as six o' 'em has cleared out o' town, and the one that's left never gets a mite o' practice nigher than Boston, we sort o' reckon it won't be laid up against us."

Retrievers Not to Be Trusted.

The war messenger dogs of the German army have hitherto been recruited from the ranks of sporting dogs. But a change is to be made. Retrievers were not always sure letter-carriers, being often diverted from their mission by game met en route. They will be replaced by Scottish sheep dogs, which have more endurance and are more trustworthy.

His Reply.

Teacher—What is a stepson, Willie?

Willie (a stepson)—The one that gets stepped on, ma'am.